

Dear All. Walks Wednesday 29th April and Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> of May it never happen.

Well we have a bit of a first here this week, one leader two walks, back to back. How brave of our fiend and colleague to come up with such an idea. Just the thought of spending 14 miles in the company of Brenda sends my whole system into shock, and to finish one section with a fish supper, is Shirley icing on the cake. I do believe I speak for everyone when I say 2 and 1 please Bren with some scraps, mushy peas and a picked egg, 'To Go' (tek owt in old money). In order that Brenda is not put in the firing line twice, thus receiving double the amount of abuse and micky taking as anyone else, she and I have decided to combine and abridge her walks. We don't need the technology of the space ship Enterprise with its Warped (no relation) Max factor 2 & seven eighths, nor do we rely on Brian Epstein's Theory of relatives, no all that's required is to fold and crease the map. So here we go, working in reverse order, we start in Cullingworth and make our way south to our final objective, The Golden Hind chippy run by one Francis alias Keith the fryer Drake, left over from last week. By using in the main tracks, ginnals, back-entries and bridal marches of Calderdale we shall cover the distance in no time. After leaving Cullingworth on the Calder Aire Link, speaking of which Paul Mc's had his hair done, twife did it with some crimping scissor, and a cut throat, turned out a treat, so she tells him. However all the house mirrors have gone, saying nowt. We head for the Stan Ogden water in order to pick up the main route. One of the first points of interest is the Denholm Conservative club, its raising membership (7) has been attributed to Boris's love of dogs. The local Shiat-zu appreciation society, membership (4) recently closed its doors, and transferred its allegiance. You learn something every day, I learnt not to reply to questions like: does my bum look big in this. We carry on in haste, Brenda certainly has her speedo's on today, she could keep up with Old Dolphin at Queeny, we now drop into Lightcliffe made famous by Gordon and his band. Best now to have a sweetie break, before folding the map, Brenda is a master at producing something out of nothing, who could forget her, watsit, you know thingy, that stuff she made last time for the walk luncheon. O move on, the spice today all come from the penny box, which unfortunately now cost between 10p and How Much ? there is a selection of Sherbet Dips or Dabs, liquorice spoons, kali, Love Hurts, Sugar Mice and Spangles(Old Fashion) to name but a few, well done Bren marvellous treat. Its just after this stop we come to the fold in the map, which also covers the Lunch Break so no details of the contents of our Snap Box are available this trip. We pick up Calder Way trail on the edge of the map in Scholes Lane where it descends steeply into the back end of Halyfax (as was {1342}), before the inevitable steep climb out towards Elland, not the site of the Leeds Football Stadia, but the Elland Road Feud. For Allan's and Kens benefit this is not the one between Bill (no relation) Shankly and Don (the hat) Revie's men, in the 1974 final of the Charity Shield conflict. This one's a bit prior, as in 1340 and between the Earl of Pontefract, the Lacy mob and Bill De Beaumont an early rugby union president. It is thought the feud was in regards to the naming of a sweetmeat being made in Pontefract, I do of course refer to the original Dolly Mixtures, who appeared in the first, dare we say Black and White minstrel show. This also led to the other much appreciated spin off, Humbug Mints, a nice alternative the Imperials of royal assent, and the fluff covered Minto's pushed out now and again by the (A 4) mentioned Paul Mc. The walk now drops down through the woods to Cromwellbottom, which is nowt to do the rear end of a parliamentarian, but there is still a connection between bottoms and Politician, even today. The phrase is Anglo Saxon and refers to *crooked stream* so still a close link to Parliament. The Woods which other than the Chips is what we have come for, are covered at this time of year with masses of flowers, reminiscent of the Bluebells Girls, who also appeared on the B&W minstrels, but alas did not have any sweets named after them. The woods and surrounds are mentioned as No1 of 8 best things to do in Brighouse, in an early publication (1453) of Ye Old Tripe Advocate, not sure of all the other attractions, but a stay in the Poor House was second with a visit to the Plague and Poxey Inn a plucky 4<sup>th</sup> on the list. After the splendour of the woods we hit Cromwell's bottom and the Calder Navigation Canal, which we will follow for the last 3km to the Go Be Hind, chip shop for an Alf Tesco fish tea, prior to crossing the road to the bus stop and the journey home. Well hasn't that been grand, said the 3<sup>rd</sup> rate ventriloquist with his mouth hidden Be Hind a bread cake, lips all of a quaver and mouth full of peas, not everyone rushed to agree. Personally, you could say it was different, you could also say walking on a bed of hot coals was different, and perhaps just as pleasant. Well that's it, the Coffee Morning is cancelled due to unforeseen problems with an old boiler,

(names in hat?) and the next walk is with Pauline the flower Child in May. Bills Singapore Fling on its way, ( I can hear you mother). By four now, love to all Bill